*Macbeth* – Act 5 – Quotation Analysis

Answer the following questions about what happens in this Act:

1. Does Macbeth have any real soldiers fighting for him? Why or why not? What does this indicate about him
2. How does Macbeth’s reaction to Lady Macbeth’s death compare to Macduff’s reaction to his family’s death? Why is this significant?
3. How do the prophecies come true? How is this an example of fair is foul and foul is fair?
4. How does Macbeth go out? (Like a coward, or like a warrior?) Why do you think he is portrayed this way at the end?
5. How does this play end on a positive note? (consider Macbeth’s death, who becomes king, and what type of king he’ll be)

For each of the quotations, answer the following questions:

1. Put it into your own words, idea for idea
2. Who said it and in response to what?
3. Explain in detail why it is significant. (Does it develop character, develop theme, or reveal something important?)
4. Out, damned spot! out, I say! One; two: why , then

‘tis time to do’t. Hell is murky! Fie, my lord—fie!

a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who

knows it, when none can call our power to account?

Yet who would have thought the old man to have

had so much blood in him? (5.1.34-38).

1. I have liv’d long enough: my way of life

Is fall’n into the sere, the yellow leaf;

And that which should accompany old age,

As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,

I must not look to have; but in their stead,

Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honoured, breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not (5.3.22-28).

1. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.

The time has been my senses would have cool’d

To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair

Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir

As life were in’t. I have supp’d full with horrors;

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,

Cannot once start me (5.5.9-15).

1. She should have died hereafter;

There would have been a time for such a word.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,

To the last syllable of recorded time;

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!

Life’s but a walking shadow, a poor player

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,

And then is heard no more; it is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing (5.5.17-28).